A Glimbse of the Past. One of the Tragedies that Waited on Pioneer Days.

One autumn afternoon more than two hundred years ago an Indian hurried through the dense forest which spread over the hills along the west bank of the Hudson. He was tall and straight and very red. His face was painted; there were bright feathers in his hair, and he carried the weapons of a warrior, all of which would have told a pioneer that trouble was brewing. His name was Naoman, and he was one of the chiefs of the Waornecks, or some such tribe.

Noiselessly he lowered himself down the side of a gulch, at the bottom of which ran a noisy creek. He followed a dim path along the bank of the creek, and his face was turned toward the Hudson. Presently he came to a clearing in the center of which was a log cabin occupied by one Tracy, a pioneer, who had come there soon after Patrick McGregory, the first settler in Orange county, of which the chief town to-day is Newburg.

Sweeping the clearing with a glance, which evidently satisfied him, the Indian strode into the open and soon stood in the doorway of the cabin. A woman, beautiful in spite of her rough garments of homespun, was working in one corner of the big living room.

"Greeting to you, Naoman," she cried, as his shadow fell across the floor and attracted her attention.

The Indian chief grunted, but his face broke into a smile as the two Tracy youngsters rushed across the room and threw their arms around the legs clad in deerskin.

"You are welcome, Naoman," continued Mrs. Tracy.
"It has been long since we have seen you. We thought you North for the hunting."